The liverie of the warlike Maide appeares,
Pure red, and white, for yet no beard has bleſt him.
And in his rowling eyes, ſits victory,
As if ſhe ever ment to corect his valour:
His Noſe ſtands high, a Character of honour.
His red lips, after fights, are fit for Ladies.
Emil. Muſt theſe men die too?
Per. When he ſpeakes, his tongue
Sounds like a Trumpet; All his lyneaments
Are as a man would wiſh 'em, ſtrong, and cleane,
He weares a well-ſteeld Axe, the ſtaffe of gold,
His age ſome five and twenty.
Meſſ. Ther's another,
A little man, but of a tough ſoule, ſeeming
As great as any: fairer promiſes
In ſuch a Body, yet I never look'd on.
Per. O, he that's freckle fac'd?
Meſſ The ſame my Lord,
Are they not ſweet ones?
Per. Yes they are well.
Meſſ. Me thinkes,
Being ſo few, and well diſpoſd, they ſhow
Great, and fine art in nature, he's white hair'd,
Not wanton white, but ſuch a manly colour
Next to an aborne, tough, and nimble ſet,
Which ſhowes an active ſoule; his armes are brawny
Linde with ſtrong ſinewes: To the ſhoulder peece,
Gently they ſwell, like women new conceav'd,
Which ſpeakes him prone to labour, never fainting
Vnder the waight of Armes; ſtout harted, ſtill,
But when he ſtirs, a Tiger; he's gray eyd,
Which yeelds compaſſion where he conquers: ſharpe
To ſpy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's ſwift to make 'em his: He do's no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round fac'd, and when he ſmiles
He ſhowes a Lover, when he frownes, a Souldier:
About his head he weares the winners oke,
And in it ſtucke the favour of his Lady:

His age, ſome ſix and thirtie. In
He beares a charging Staffe, emb
Theſ. Are they all thus?
Per. They are all the ſonnes
Theſ. Now as I have a ſoule
Lady you ſhall ſee men fight no
Hip. I wiſh it,
But not the cauſe my Lord; Th
Bravely about the Titles of two
Tis pitty Love ſhould be ſo tyra
O my ſoft harted Siſter, what th
Weepe not, till they weepe bloo
Theſ. You have ſteel'd 'em
To you I give the Feild; pray o
Fitting the perſons that muſt uſ
Per. Yes Sir.
Theſ. Come, I'le goe viſit 'em
Their fame has fir'd me ſo; Ti
Good Friend be royall.
Per. There ſhall want no b
Emilia. Poore wench goe w
Looſes a noble Coſen, for thy ſ

Sœna 3. *Enter Iai*

Doct. Her diſtraction is mor
Then at other ſome, is it not?
Iay. She is continually in a ha
Little, altogether without appe
Dreaming of anorher world, an
Broken peece of matter ſo'ere
Palamon lardes it, that ſhe far

Withall, fyts it to every queſtio
Shee comes, you ſhall perceive
Daugh. I have forgot it quite
A downe a, and pend by no w
Giraldo, *Emilias* Schoolemaſt
Fantaſticall too, as ever he ma
For in the next world will D

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